

THIRD EDITION

I LOVE, I LOVE THE FREE,
AS
SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE

BY

MR. SEGUIN
AND
MR. H. RUSSELL.

Composed & dedicated *THE* as a mark of respect

TO
HENRY B. SMITH, ESQUIRE,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

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Henry Russell

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1846 by Henry Russell in his capacity of author of the following work.

I LOVE, I LOVE THE FREE.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

CON
MOLTO
ANIMA.

Quasi Staccato. f

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

8va

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand continues the rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *cres.* (crescendo).

f

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep, In their curbless course o'er the

ff *colla voce.*

The vocal entry begins with a single note on a high staff. The piano accompaniment starts with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. The lyrics 'The wild streams leap with headlong sweep, In their curbless course o'er the' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes the instruction *colla voce.*

mountain steep, All fresh and strong they foam a-long, Waking the rocks with their

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics 'mountain steep, All fresh and strong they foam a-long, Waking the rocks with their'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic foundation.

p

cat-ract song, My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance, While I watch the wa-ters

p p p p p f

f

dash and dance, I burn with glee - - - - - For I love to see -

f f

The path of a-ny thing that's free, I love, I love, oh I

p

love the free, I love, I love the free, I love, I love, O I

ad libitum.

love the free, I love, I love, I love the free. 8va

ff *f*

The Sky-lark springs with

dew on its wings, And up in the arch heav'n he sings, Tril - la, tril - la, oh

p

sweet-er far, Than the notes that comethro' a gold-en bar, The joy-ous bay of a

hound at play, The caw of a rook on its home-ward way, Oh

these shall be the mu - sic for me For I

love I love the path of the free, I love, I love, oh I

love the free, I love, I love the free, I love, I love, oh I

love the free, I love, I love, I love the free.

ff *f*

Sya.....

3

The mariner brave in his bark on the wave,

May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;

And the one whose lot is the desert spot,

Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot;

The thrall and state at the palace gate,

Are what my spirit has learnt to hate;

I burn with glee, for I love to see,

The path of any thing that's free.

I love, I love, &c.

